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## The Bathroom Tales

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## Abstract

The Bathroom Tales is a small collection of poems that were written based on certain facts of my environment that became prompts for my writing. Each poem was written with my location in mind, the location in question being on the dividing line of the bathroom and the hall as my friends began the hair-dyeing process. The poems represent a series of ongoing thoughts based on the prompts I received from my surroundings. “Of Sun” was inspired by the lights that flicker on upon entering the bathroom and their overbearing presence. “Murder: An Option” was written after noticing that the tampon machine in the public bathroom was empty, even though it allowed for quarters to be received. The echoes of footsteps and breath in the large bathroom helped me to write “Crescendo,” as the sounds came together to make a certain kind of harmony. “The In-Between” was written on the chair that kept the bathroom door open placing me in between the events of the bathroom and the hall.



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## Of Sun

There's light, and it's bright, and beautiful.

I'm overwhelmed by how much it is.

How lively, how it's thriving, and pulsing, and driving me forward.

From sleep, from the sun, from my past and maybe my future.

The room glows and reflects the regrets and hopes that I have what it takes to do.

What I'm doing at the moment, and the next, and the ones that have passed but none  
that rejects the idea I have in my mind,

one at a time, they become an agglomeration of my worth and my station,

in this far-gone nation of my friends, of my family, of my enemies

the ones that are non-existent, but still resplendent as they pass me by

on this highway of mine. I'm beaten at the game I've interrupted as if I'm the one who has  
corrupted the peace that you claim you once had, even though you say I'm one of the  
best and it makes me sad

because how am I to trust the words that you have put forth for me, Tom, Dick, and Harry,

not the styles even though the styles are similar, but I've been where I've been, where I  
am where I've sinned to you, but not me because our two worlds are as different as they  
come, even though you claim we are close to one,

maybe one degree,

one degree off from the sun, whose radiance is too much, the shower  
too white for my eyes,

you claim to know what I'm thinking, even though that ship is sinking

from unspoken words, and received glances,

you claim hypocrisy, I claim nuances, that you seem to miss, I understand clearly.

The path that I've taken is not the one you would have chosen,

I get that but judgement puts me on attack, in the place I want to not hold back from,  
because it's where you meet your life-long, I've been told,

so you keep your halo,

and I'll keep the rays,

because the sun lights up more than just my days, I feed off the very thing you  
despise, and my eyes, are never closed, never blurred, sometimes down turned,

and often to the sky, where aspirations lie,

and I don't have the patience, nor do I have the time to make the problems you have  
with me mine.        There is light for a reason,  
and that's because of the darkness, it takes two of them in life,  
for us to coexist, so no more running from the brightness,  
no more running from the light,  
because there will come a time when it's gone, but I'll still have the night.  
And it's beautiful.

## **Murder: An Option.**

You know what's a thing when you're doing the thing,

you know the thing, where you're losing as much blood as you would with a wound

that you can never stop because once a month you think about everything you want

and it never happens,

because you're curled over a water bottle, and a heated pad, that you hope will stop the pain  
you once never had,

but if you're not in pain you think something's wrong,

which is funny,

because you shouldn't be worried unless you're doing something that has long since  
been in the wrong,

of the Bible and the disciples,

who had the better option of not being in pain,

as weird as it sounds,

and your prayers are in vain, and the other half doesn't understand it, even though the  
original donated to us a rib,

they don't have the pains that being a woman can give, not just the social, or the personal,  
and the working world is something different,

it's more the physical pain that comes with living, and then there's luxury that you  
wish you weren't given,

and the loss that you feel when you lose more money than is ideal to an empty box, and an empty tax.

Things you wish you can get back,

but you never can,

and then contemplate murder with left or right hand, and at times you get creative,  
when the pain is overbearing,

and you just want chocolate,

but the vending machine is empty and the tampon one too, and you can't do anything you wanted to do.

Now homicide seems like the natural option, and a perfectly normal reaction when you're confronted with terms like PMS,

and being over emotional, when being in pain is now practically vocational,  
and with all the crap you have to deal with,

with white out of your closet, and your money now a life time deposit for everyone  
but you,

so you gotta do what you gotta do, so hit me up if you need help with your murdering tools.

## Crescendo

Rat  
ta      tat      tah,  
sound of mind  
a beat so far in this time,  
and a whistle in my ear,  
that is more than near  
bah      bap  
the sounds make  
up  
the  
track  
of my thoughts,  
and space in my place  
And a race.  
Duh      duh      du-duh.  
pass on the baton,  
as they move on  
from metre to metre,  
and dirt fills the air  
everywhere.  
There's beat      on the drum,  
my body gives a hum,  
bum-bumm  
as it moves

to the rhythm of the night.

the moon starts to

sparkle

hands aching for the night life.

the people start to step,

as the rain gets them wet,

at the wrong time.

But the words give me joy,

When music takes me on, on a nice ride.

ha-ha hahh

the crickets start to chirp,

and the sounds get to hurt,

it's not on my side.

Why the voices get so

low,

as it's telling me to go on

to confide.

In the people that I know,

with no place else to go,

but the night sky.

The tempo gets

high,

My life goes by

As the night life.



## The In-Between

I can't breathe.

Not for a second, not for a minute

when I know that my limit isn't high.      Limbo isn't just a place it's a game  
where you get closer and closer to the floor

and your troubles are more about falling than getting under the bar.      Limbo is  
what happens when you're in between,

and I'm in between falling and winning      because I can't handle the space that I  
have to go through

not when I feel the air on my skin like the static on freshly laundered sheets and the  
loss of breath in my chest like the birds leave the nest      my mind is filled with chaos and  
serenity but never at the same time,

no that would be too easy, too easy to disappear from one to the other.

To change your face like a fake and swap your ID for another one readily made  
for you.

I'd do anything to get through to show you my point of view how it feels to be in this neutral  
space filled with everything that is opposite yet together.

It never works how I want it to ever,

not when people have the free will to not choose you and to not believe in what makes you,  
you and what makes me, me, because their point of view is better than the one I'm in because  
my life is a place they've never been,

and so we coexist in this space with no exit, and stay in between this living and falling, as the temperatures falls around you and the anxiety rises within me and it'd be my fault not yours that I haven't shared anything more than superficial words,

but it actually takes three to five for new life, not the nine that we've been raised to believe because in that time you learn more about the person you want to know and who they want to be,

and that three to five if you make it out alive can be something you have for life, once you've left that limbo it's hard to return with the conflicting feelings of more than one person, to see or not to see the things you've left behind but the things you have in front of you, the finish line that gets closer, that puts you that much nearer to falling and winning,

because you can't get one without the other,  
the intelligence that they both bring as you're running towards and away from something and the limbo can stay or it can go,  
but only when you decide what you want to do, how you want to breathe, the state you want to be in, the things you want to share as they coexist in the places you want to go.